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The MISSILE

Petersburg High School

R.K. Motley

THE MISSILE P

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Athletic Council

THE MISSILE

FOUR POEMS

I.

An August Shower

By James V. Burgess.

The clouds have gathered in the western sky.
A rumble fills the heavens, then a roar
As if the prisoned winds have burst the door
Of Heaven, then have gathered force on high
To tear up towns and cities as they lie
Below on Earth. The clouds have gathered o'er
My head. The o'ercast sky begins to pour
The waters stored in days of warm July.

But lo! The East! Its treasure now behold.
It faintly shows its hues against the light
Grey clouds, that I may see the wondrous sight
That God first showed to Noah in days of old.
When life is growing full of clouds for me,
I'll face the East. A rainbow I may see.

II.

A Haunted House?

There's a clump of trees on yonder hill;
'Tis all you can see from here.
I've heard 'em say 'tis a haunted house—
Be still, and lend me your ear!

'Twas Sunday last, I heard a moan,
Then a wail, and a sound like a cough.
I was foolin' 'round home with nothing to do.
I called Jim, and we were off.

"I wonder, Jim, if there are any ghosts—"
I'd begun to shake 'round the knees.
Jim kept still 'cause he heard what I heard;
'Twas an Oooooh and then a sneeze.

Jim looked at me, and I looked at Jim,
Then a plan took form in my mind:
If I ran home as fast as I could,
Then Jim wouldn't stay behind.

On dreary nights when the wind is strong,
And whistling through the trees,
I think of the Ooh's and the Ah's that I heard,
And shake around the knees.

III.

My Voyage

I'm in a boat alone;
I can see the other shore;
If I reach the other side,
I'll live for evermore.

There are hidden rocks in my course
That may sink me on the way;
But I see a light over there
Where I've heard there's always day.

My motor sputters and spits.
It may not take me there;
But I'll try to make it run
Be the weather foul or fair.

I cannot turn back; I've begun
That journey that all must take.
I must do my best to keep on.
Yonder's the shore I must make.

IV.

The Sky

The sky!
How like a human heart
With its clouds, its thunder,
And yet with its shining sun,
Bright, clear, a fleecy cloud here and there.

The sky!
The still, calm sky
Of the first Christmas Eve,
Clear, refreshing, inspiring thought,
Too beautiful to be described by man.

The sky!
Of stillness so intense
One fears and waits the time
For thunder, crash, and boom,
Like the sky when Nero sang in Rome.

The sky!
The eastern sky
When night is turning into day;
Dusk is pierced by the sun's bright rays
That promise a clear, fair day with all it may hold.

The sky!
The glowing sky
Fast changing to darker hues
As the sun sinks low to rest till the time
To start a new day, to light and warm the world.

PORTRAITS

I.
Old Sam

By Williene Barner

Who is "Old Sam?" Well! I thought everyone knew Old Sam! I guess, though, that is because I've always kown him, ever since I could climb the steps to his old shack. "Old Sam" is called the "Mystery Man" because nobody knows who he is or where he came from. A long time ago, before I can remember, he moved into that little hut and has been there ever since. The only money he makes for a living is by selling baskets which he weaves himself. How does he live? Well, that's what most people would like to know. Does he receive charity? You had better not let him hear that. "Old Sam" has more pride than anyone you know. Why, one day Miss Brown, who is always feeling sorry for someone, sent him some hot doughnuts, good enough to make any one's mouth water. Do you know what "Old Sam" did? Well, he just sent those doughnuts straight back with the message "that he thanked her very much, but there was a bakery in town, and he guessed he could buy his own doughnuts." Ever since then no one has tried to send him anything else. The people of the town call him an old fogy, but that's because they really don't know him. Why, Uncle Sam is the kindest hearted fellow I know, and I guess I ought to know, for I go to his shack every evening to hear him tell war stories. He fought in the Civil War, you know.

Old Sam is about the oldest person in this town. His back is all humped; I guess that's because he stoops so much weaving baskets. His hair is long and white, and his teeth are gone. His eyes are the only things about him which do not show his age. They are blue; you know the kind that sparkle and shine as if they always have tears in them.

I always call "Old Sam" Uncle Sam, because I like him. He is the kind of fellow any one would love if one only took the trouble to find him out. If people would, when seeing him, speak with respect instead of teasing and jerring, they would find out soon his appreciation of their kindness. He would show what is really in his heart —kindness and meekness instead of gruffness and grouchiness.

There is nothing he likes better than to have some visitor come and discuss some common topic with him, especially the Bible—oh, yes, he knows the Bible from beginning to end. Uncle Sam would like best of all though to have children visitors. It would please him greatly to have them flock around him while he tells them stories. Uncle Sam would gladly forget their jeers if the people came to him as friends, but he would never ask them himself; his pride is too great.

II.
Old Aunt Jane

By Sam Grossmann

"Come around to supper tonight," proposed my friend and boon companion, "and let's plan for a hunting trip over the week-end."

It was only after taking great pains to inform him of a date, which was purely imaginary, it would necessitate me breaking, that I consented to grace his humble repast. You know I have found out that it never hurts to let your friends know how much you sacrifice for their pleasure!

"Did you notice the cook who just came out?" asked my host, when we were comfortably seated at his supper table that night. Of course I had noticed her, for it is not everyone's lot to be able to view such a prodigious specimen of humanity without paying an admission fee. And what's more, there was an added attraction of a heaped platter of golden brown, fried chicken which she brought in with such a pompous dignity.

"Well," he continued, not paying the slightest heed to my remarks, "she is one of the few remaining examples of the old time negro. She was my mother's maid and my nurse, and has virtually become one of the family. You know it is remarkable," he added, "what a friendship has grown up between us. She has given each one of the family a nick name (here he blushed) and she shows more love for me than for her own child, who is a fat mischievous little chocolate drop. Oh, I forgot to present her to you," he burst out, as that worthy menial again made her appearance. "Aunt Jane, this is a very good friend of mine, but don't be too quick to judge him by his looks," he said by way of introduction. Aunt Jane welcomed me with a nod of her silvered woolly head and a wide grin, displaying two rows of shiny ivory teeth profusely intermingled with gold. These gold teeth are ever a source of envy to her neighbors, I am told. Her gray hair contrasts strangely with her skin, which is of a rich chocolate color, giving her a look of good humor and a certain degree of worldly wisdom. I have said that she was of ample proportions, but she carried her excess weight well, moving around the table with a lightness that was surprising in one so fat.

"She is one of the most remarkable cooks that I have ever seen," continued my friend, after Aunt Jane had waddled out, "and she is quite a character. Although she mixes her bread with her hands, as all old-fashioned cooks do, she is as neat and clean as a pin." At this injunction I took the liberty to tell him that that was as far as the comparison to a pin could be taken. He took up where I had interrupted him, without even smiling, and I could see that Aunt Jane was a favorite subject of his. "There has never been a more absolute monarchy than that which old Aunt Jane exercises in her kitchen. She is as afraid of the 'new fangled' cooking apparatus as a modern government is afraid of Bolshevism. A large wood range is her pride and she deems this good enough to prepare a meal fit for 'de guvnor', as she puts it. Among the other negroes of the town, she is held in respect and awe, and is even said by some to be gifted with certain supernatural powers. Many of her idiosyncracies," my host rambled on. "are misconstrued, and I think that if she did not cook for such a respectable family" (and here he attempted to make me a bow, almost dipping his nose into the gravy) "she would be branded as a witch. Nevertheless she is very kind to the sick one, and she is known about town as a wonderful nurse." Here he paused as the one he was eulogizing entered, bearing saucers, in which there were towering mountains of ice cream, topped with setting suns in the form of maraschino cherries. And Aunt Jane was ever apologizing that she couldn't make any of dem high-falooting dishes!

This delightful dessert was finished amidst another eulogy on the incomparable Aunt Jane, and then we retired to the den to talk over our proposed trip.

The Square Circle

III.

My Brother and Sister

By Mary Ashby Acree

Have you ever thought how disconcerting it would be for a person who had lived eleven years as an only child to find that she had suddenly acquired a new brother? Well, I can tell you exactly how a person in that fix would feel because I have been in exactly the same boat. For eleven years I was petted and in general spoilt rotten. One morning to my immeasurable surprise and consternation I found I had a brother. I had a brother! It didn't seem possible. Why, I hadn't even been consulted in the matter. It didn't take me long, however, to realize that a young brother was wholly undesirable. My mother soon got into the habit of leaving me Saturday mornings with the bag to hold—no! I mean my small brother to keep. She would promise faithfully to be back in an hour. I would have tried everything I had ever thought of to keep him amused long before the hour was up. Mother would meet someone down town and would stop to talk. When she would come in five or ten minutes late, I would raise the dickens. Each minute over the hour had seemed like an hour to me.

I had almost gotten used to the idea of a brother when, much to my consternation, I found out that I was no longer even the only daughter. At first I was rather pleased; then I began to realize that a sister was even worse than a brother. As she grew older she seemed to think the only thing she was intended for was to antagonize her brother. They would fight and scrap all day long. The battle would begin at dawn and last until both children were led off protesting to bed. Both of them were rebellious to the extreme. If you told them not to do something, it seemed impossible that they think of another thing until they had done the very thing forbidden.

One time my small brother found and devoured six Nux Vomica pills. The whole family was frantic. We 'phoned for the doctor and began to work on him ourselves until the doctor could get there. We gave him three doses of ipecac, but it wouldn't make him sick. After giving him about six different mixtures we finally made him sick with a pint of lukewarm mustard water. When the doctor got there he calmly told us that the Nux Vomica wouldn't have hurt him.

One night we were going to have that delicacy commonly called "hot dogs" for supper. My brother and sister were both violently fond of them. The "hot dogs" had to be soaked before cooking. The cook had put them in a pan of water and set them on the table when suddenly the 'phone rang. It was one of her high society friends. She talked for five or ten minutes. When she got back, about eight of the raw "hot dogs" were gone. She was very much excited because she couldn't imagine where they had gone. Suddenly she saw both children behind the door, each with a mouthful of raw "hot dogs". A few minutes later both children were sent to bed with a dose of castor oil used as the "ounce of prevention."

Therefore, take warning, do not pray for a small brother or sister as I did for eleven years. You may get one.

FANCIES

I.

Dewdrops

By Myrtle Owen.

In early morning,
Before the sun is drawn up in the heavens
By some unseen magnetic force,
The earth is sprinkled with tiny gems called dew.
I picked a rose
And in between its satiny petals
Shone a sparkling dewdrop:
A glistening pearl,
Tucked daintily away in the folds of a satin jewelry case.

II.

Dreams

By Averil Andrews

My dreams
Are like colored bubbles
That float in the air
Above the trees.
Then burst—
And come to earth again.

III.

Hands

By Mary Ashby Acree

Hands
That play upon pianos
Seem to me to be
White spiders,
That crawl,
Now fast—
Now slow—
Weaving a web of music.

IV.

A Prophet

By Mary Ledford

Oh mighty mountain, rising high
From the lowly depths to the very sky,
You are only a prophet from days of old,
Day by day your stories untold.
And the trees at your feet, their limbs outreaching,
Are but men their fates beseeching.

V.

Candles

By Kitty Lucas

Lives are candles in the wind
Burning brave and bright;
Throwing gold flame carelessly
Throughout the darkest night,
Fighting valiantly and long
Against the wind's vast might.

VI.

A Cloud

By Mary Rennie

A cloud,
Like a great
Dirty white polar bear,
Towered above us.

A ray
Of the sun
Peeped through,
As if the bear's big eye
Was watching us.

"HANTS"

By Aileen Small

"I done tole mammy dat dem white folks won't gonn'a hab dem clothes ready when I got dar, and here 'tis almos' dark, and I ain't near home yit." George Washington went along the road mumbling to himself. "She makes me do eberything. I's gittin' sick and tired er dem two nigger brudders o' mine sittin' 'round doin' nothin'. Dey oughtta be here 'stedda me, 'cause dey knows dat de dark always skeers me. I's gwine make a short cut fru' dese here woods, I is." George Washington quickened his shuffling pace and branched off to the left of the road. Dusk was falling fast, and George Washington was getting frightened.

George Washington was twelve years old, and rather reliable—in the daytime. His brothers, Ephraim and Moses, were always teasing him about his superstitions, but because they were older, they understood him. They had chores to do on this particular evening, so George Washington was sent for the clothes for washing.

Leaves and branches of trees had fallen in the woods, so that at each step George Washington took a branch cracked or leaves rustled, and he imagined he heard someone walking behind him. He turned and cast fearful glances over his shoulder, then hastened on again.

"Oh, Lawdy, what's dat?" he whispered to himself as he saw some-

thing red in the distance which got larger and larger as he approached deeper into the wood. George Washington ran as he had never run before, glancing neither to the right nor to the left. When he paused, he stood in front of an old house. A light was gleaming from a window, but there was not a sign of anyone inside. George Washington stopped only to get his breath, and then he was ready to start again. But his heart sank within him, his feet refused to move, and he stood still, for he heard footsteps, footsteps disturbing the leaves! He rolled his eyes in the direction of the sound and saw a small object come trotting toward him. It was his dog.

"Gosh," he managed to say, and it was said in a relieved voice, "Yo' sho'all skeered me then. What fo' is you here, Judy? I reckon you done strayed from home 'gin, like you does sometimes. Come on, if'n you can keep up wif me. I's glad enuf fo' company, I is."

"Halt." The voice came from one side of the house. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was pushed inside the house.

Poor George Washington! He was almost afraid to look around him for fear of being killed outright. He saw that he was the victim of horrible looking objects dressed in white.

"Aw, who wants dat lill' ole skinny nigger fo' supper?" said one of the "ghosts." "We'll turn him loose, he's not fat enuf."

They escorted him as far as the door and then turned him loose, but they heard him say, "Oh, Lawdy, if I's got any groun' gripper, let dem grip de groun' now," and off he went, nor did he stop until he reached home.

"What fo' has you been 'way so long, George Washington?" questioned his mother.

"I had to wait fo' dem white folks to git de clothes up," replied George Washington, still scared out of his wits.

Just then Ephraim and Moses, who had been absent, came in.

"Fo' goodness' sake, what is de matter wif you two niggers?" asked mammy.

"We got a funny joke to tell you, mammy," said Moses. Then the story of Judy, the haunted house, their impersonations of the two ghosts, and George Washington followed.

"I's shore mad at yo', brudders, but dat story don't accoun' fo' de red eye I seed in dem dar woods," and he told them his story.

"Boy, yo' shore has got a pow'ful 'magination. Dat red eye won't nothin' but de new moon comin' up thru' de trees," laughed Moses.

Although George Washington got a "raw" deal in this , his brothers finally convinced him that his fears were groundless.

SOME VERSES

By Annie Boisseau.

I.

Laughing Water

Rippling and splashing o'er jagged black rocks,
The rollicking stream leaps in glee,
Tumbling down cliffs in a dancing cascade,
Then rushing pell-mell to the sea.

Like a frolicsome child just out of school,
  Rejoicing that now it is free
To romp and play to its heart's content
  And gambol with joy on the lea.

II.

Sonnet

O, little, dainty flower so bithe, so gay,
Do you know naught of sorrow, grief, and care?
In your sweet woodsy home are days all fair
With skies that never know a touch of gray?
Alas, wild rose, it is not true, they say,
Into your native haunt some few do dare
To wander seeking some small blossom rare;
And plucked, your beauty frail soon fades away.
But think what pleasure then you did impart
When, midst those rugged, haughty, hot-house flowers,
Your modest lovely face surpassed them all
And brought that peace to some poor, weary heart
Which only simple beauty with its powers
Can bring. Is such a gift considered small?

III.

A Picture

A tiny child
Is wandering alone
'Neath the vaulted roof of an ancient cathedral.
The last fading rays of the sun
Gently caress his golden curls.
From above
The soft, clear chiming of the bells
Tolls the death of day,
And the gray shadows of twilight
Steal softly through the mosaic panes.
At the foot of a lofty pillar
The child sleeps.

IV.

A Night on the River

Just a cabin perched high on a cliff,
  Overlooking the river below;
At night it seems lonesome and dreary
  When the wind shrieks its message of woe.

What a tempest that sweeps through the trees,
  Suggestive of cold wintry snows;
O'er the river the waves show their whitecaps
  Whipped up by the gale as it blows.

History Club

Thus without; but within what a change!
A crackling fire is blazing;
Around it young vioces are mingled
In laughter and stories amazing.

V.

A Ballade of Bridge

They told me I must learn to play
That game called bridge, that game so rare.
They don't allow me any say.
What they say goes. I do not dare
To utter a word, to turn a hair.
We start. The cards seem all the same.
Ah! Now I see the numbers they wear.
My goodness! Whoever invented this game?

What is it? My bid? The skies turn gray.
No face cards have I—not even a pair.
I shake my head. I must say nay.
They get the bid. I get a glare.
My partner's ace I've trumped for fair.
Alas! I know I'll die of shame,
For such an error I can't repair.
Aw, heck! Whoever invented this game?

Again we start. Now that's the way.
I'm learning how, I do declare.
I trumped that trick. Say that's okay!
What's this? Reneged? Why do you stare?
Not better to trump than play diamonds there?
Oh! follow suit! But that's so tame.
What's trumps this time? No trumps? I swear!
Gee whiz! Whoever invented this game?

L' Envoi

Alas, I say, I give up in despair.
In such a game I'll never reach fame;
So why bother my head with this burden of care,
And cry, "Whoever invented this game?"

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

By Bernard Cocke

A short time ago I stood on the summit of a ridge overshadowing the Valley of Virginia. The sun was sinking behind the crest of the ridge across the Valley. It seemed to be a great golden ball dislodged by some giant hand from its place on the top of the mountain and sent rolling ponderously down the farther side of the mountain. Its slow descent gave it the appearance of relentless, implacable power rolling on to destroy all that stood in its path.

As it sank farther and farther behind the hills, the ridge at first a hazy hint, grew into a deep silhouette; lost all relief; became a flat cut out against the vivid coloring of the sunset.

The peaks lost their distinctive characteristics in the changing light, grew fantastic, grotesque. Strange shapes formed and blended into others even more strange. The clouds aided in the illusions. Peaks to right and left glowed in a borrowed radiance. At one time the peaks were shaped into the forms of blanketed Indians seated around the council fire of the sun. Why wonder why the Indian always thought of his Maritou or Great Spirit as having his abode in the west?

Around the sun the sky flamed and blazed with color. Yellow and orange shading off into reds, finally fading into the dull silvery grey of the east. In the west the clouds seemed afire; to north they appeared to be islands tinted with opal set in a sea of silver. The ever changing cloudforms built strange animals, forests, monsters. Swiftly strange splendors kindled and changed; monstrosities formed; barbaric, amazing things rushed into battle. Ships, argosies, and infernal machines grew and fused into each other.

Below me in the valley the darkness was filling the deeper spots as the waters of a dark river flow into a pool, brimming it with blackness. Higher and higher the darkness crept shrouding the vale in cable.

A small stream curling down the mountain side to the little lake caught the few final rays of the dying day and became transformed into a thread of molten silver, rippling and dashing down its way into the ladle. The Valley road lost its harsh hard look and became a satin ribbon stretched across the patchwork quilt of the fields and farms.

Finally when the last dull flush was dying out of the sky and twilight wrapped the summits of the sleeping hills, I turned to descend into the shadows of the valley bearing a heart filled with an anthem of glory that cannot be put into human speech.

FACES

By Mildred Steere.

Did you ever stop to think
What a funny thing a face is?
And yet—
So many people have them.
In fact, I believe they would look
Even funnier with the faces left off.

What a funny thing a nose is,
But without it, who could tell
When we have cabbage for dinner,
Or when the pies are baking?
You see, there are advantages.

And eyes, aren't they queer?
Sometimes they are too curious,
And get crossed.
Sometimes they are green—or cocked—that's terrible!

There ought to be one redeeming feature,
But there's not.
A mouth is just as funny as eyes
Or a nose.
Most of us couldn't get along without our mouths.

And our chins?
Some are single, some double,
Some covered with beards.
But oh, how comically they wiggle
When one chews.

There ought to be a law against cartoons.
Why draw us any worse than we really are?
Yes, faces are funny—even yours;
But everybody has one,
(And some people have two).
So why worry about yours?

ACHERON

By Dorothy Main

Ever since Burton Regal had became an archaelogist, he had waited with little patience his chance to go to New Mexico. He was certain that in the valley of Beckyshibeta was the lost pueblo, and not in Arizona.

Finally after crossing a semi-desert for a couple of days, he arrived at his headquarters. He decided to send his Indian guide back, because he could do better work without anyone around him.

It was the most dismal place that Burton had ever seen. The place in which he lived was a dark cave which was always damp. Somewhere could be heard a stream running over rocks, but as yet Burton had not been able to find it. It was hard to tell if anyone was coming, since the section was so mountainous. The sun's rays rarely penetrated into the valley of Beckyshibeta. Burton was glad that he had three months to do his exploring, because he would need that time and maybe more. Eventually Burton became accustomed to his new home and rather enjoyed his work. But, by this time he was becoming disgusted with himself for not having found the pueblo by this time. He would go to the nearest town about twice a month and write to his mother and fiancee. He was surprised to find a letter waiting for him from his mother telling of their intended visit. It was quite impossible for his mother and Barbara Rooks, his fiancee, to come this far. But by this time they had left and were on their way. In the little time he had left after working every day he fixed the place up as best he could.

The valley of Beckyshibeta was no place for women. It was much too weird and gloomy looking. That stream had not been found yet, and he couldn't imagine where it was. Also it was getting rather cold now among the mountains. Once he had seen a mountain lion, and he could well imagine how his mother would take the appearance of an animal. As badly as he wanted to see them both, he wished they would not come.

On their arrival Burton was surprised to find how bad Barbara was looking. He then decided the camping out would do her good. Mrs. Regal liked it better than Barbara did. Every little noise made Barbara jump and shiver. Finally she grew quite brave, and told Burton she was going to find the hidden river, no matter how long it took her. So when Burton would go out to find the pueblo each day, Barbara would go her own way to find the river. Most of the time Mrs. Regal would stay "at home" and clean up.

One day Mrs. Regal became greatly worried because it was getting late and neither Barbara nor Burton had returned. Presently from out of the shadows came footsteps. Quickly Mrs. Regal turned, and saw that it was her son.

"Any success?" asked his mother.

"No, the usual thing," replied the disgusted son. "Did Barbara find anything today?" he continued.

"Barbara—Barbara—she's not here. Didn't she come home with you?" cried the mother.

"Mother, do you know what you are saying? Is Barbara out there?" He pointed out into the darkness.

Greatly fearing that Barbara was lost, they started a frantic search. Calls for Barbara failed to give any answer. All night long the search continued. For two days not a sight nor sound was heard of Barbara.

"That river sounds as if it is a victor. My God, mother, do you think so?"

She had difficulty in finding out what he meant. What he meant was that he thought the river had taken Barbara away from him. He took a flashlight and hunted for footsteps. Finally he saw a piece of white cloth not more than two inches square. It was a piece of her handkerchief! He almost lost his step. He hunted around and found a square hole about two feet wide. He flashed the light there and found the pueblo. Further and further he went. Wait! he heard the river and went towards it. It proved much larger and much swifter than he had thought it would be. He nearly fell in because he came to it so abruptly. He followed along the bank and around a bend until he came to some falls. Here he was met with a ghastly sight—Barbara caught between two huge rocks, dead. The swift current had carried her there. If anyone goes to the Valley of Beckyshibeta now, he will find a man living there. Some Indians say that he is dangerous, but we know that he is only broken-hearted.

VERSES SAD AND GAY

By Sam Grossman.

1.

Civilization

The salty spray leaped up into the air,
As swirling breakers dashed against the rock—
Unmoved and silent, yet it seemed to mock
The efforts of those seething billows there.
Still on they came against the face worn bare;
Relentless steady as the death-watch clock,
And when each wave had split upon the rock,
With forces spent, receded in despair.
But slowly as the wheel of time revolved,

The stolid rock began at last to show
Some faint result of constant wave and swell.
And now we see from borrea rocks evolved,
Where wavelets surge with laughter to and fro,
A spacious carved and vaulted citadel.

II.

To Those Who Wait In Vain

A light shines from a cottage on the lea.
Its feeble beams cannot illuminate
The heavy darkness o'er the storm tossed sea.
A fisher's wife is sitting by the grate.
Although at last the gods of day abate
The howling wind and rain;
Alas no fisherman comes soon or late,
For she but waits in vain.

Is it to punish that eternally.
The fortune of man so often is to wait;
Or but a test by which the gods may see
The purity of metal and the weight?
Ah then, when death may quickly terminate
The sorrow and the pain,
May those receive reward commensurate
For what they wait in vain.

O time, a tyrant will you ever be
To those whose cruel lot is is to wait,
Although you but reveal their destiny,
The plaything of your tyrant master fate.
With hope you lure them on from strait to strait,
Their failing spirits sustain,
And then at last deny the tempting bait,
To those who wait in vain.

L Envoi
To those whose cruel lot it is to wait,
To wait and never gain;
This prayer and humble verse I dedicate
To those who wait in vain.

III.

Just Another Day

A soft imperceptible murmur pervades the air,
As stealthily the blackness turns to gray;
Restless movements in the treetops,
The drowsy partridge fluffs his breast,
A purple tint overspreads the sky
And paling stars vanish

John W. Daniel Literary Society

As the gold tips the clouds
And awakes the earth
With a start
From its slumber.

IV.

Barn Dance

The banjoes have begun to throb;
  The fiddlers ply the bow;
Each dusky dancer picks a mate,
  And off the couples go.

The shining faces start to grin,
  As partners "balance all;"
The creaking rafters now alarm
  The cattle in the stall.

Bluhing petticoats are seen
  As the dancer stamps and claps,
And startled picaninnies peep
  From dusky mammies' laps.

And faster still the couples turn
  The figures of the reel;
And louder yet above the din
  The fiddles and banjoes peal.

Then with a crash the music stops,
  And as the revelers go;
The slow sweet strains of "Home Sweet Home"
  Follow soft and low.

V.

A Triolet

A spider invited a fly,
One evening to dine at his lair;
The fly in surprise wondered why
A spider invited a fly.
When by chance from afar he did spy
His name on the white bill of fare.
A spider invited a fly
One evening to dine at his lair.

VI.

A Rondeau

My heart was afire
On Cupid's sweet pyre.
'Twas love at first sight,
For a maid most contrite
Was my heart's desire.

I encountered the ire
Of her venerable sire,
Who desired to blight
My heart.

I thought best to retire
From his threats so dire;
So loathing to fight,
I sought safety in flight.
Now who would desire
My heart?

SKETCHINGS

By Elizabeth Neaves

The all pervading spicy aroma of Christmas fills one with a roseate glow. That running undercurrent of excitement which renders one tireless permeates the being. Our energy seems a ceaseless thing. Trivial things are no longer trivial, the smallest things are all-important.

I love to walk in the frosty cold of dusk, and then enter my home of softly lighted warmth. The woodsy odor of the running cedar, the holly, and most important, "The Christmas Tree," spreads through the house. There is such happiness in having one's family gathered around the glowing fires in the evening, saying nothing, the silence of understanding.

The crowded streets do not irritate, rather they exhilarate. I love to be carried on with the crowd, headed nowhere in particular. It is one of my annual joys to be able to wake before dawn on Christmas morning, and look for the lost white star in the heavens.

The myths and the old legends rush back over me, and I remember. Those childist imaginings return, and I live once more in fairyland. Those scenes which exist only at night, and which the coming of day dispels, I see.

We think of Christ, but He is not real to us. It seems like another fairy story, and He a being of our imaginings.

Then comes daylight, bringing gladness; the happy laughter, the bubbling spirits of the children; hilarious greetings exchanged, and gifts being given to the family and friends.

THE RETREAT

(The Russian Campaign of Napoleon)

By David Krell

Then came the retreat
The snows around them, merciless as beasts;
The stiff hand, the fainting heart and eye;
And amidst the snow the crowds shuddering,
Frozen to statues; touched by flames
Or arms of howling madness;
Until winter, with more mercy, threw upon them
Winding sheets of snow to cover them
And cool the man's ambition—
Ambition to acquire that which was not for him.

A DANGEROUS MISSION

By James D'Alton

It was mid-winter in 1914, and No-Mans-Land was a vast expanse of snow, here and there marred by the charred remains of trees and shrubs. The big guns were comparatively silent, and the only thing to break the stillness was the sharp crack of a rifle or the rapid tattoo of machine guns, trying to hit some careless fellow who stuck his head a little too far over the entrenchments.

The German Army on this part of the western front held a well fortified position just in front of the ruins of a little French town, long since deserted by inhabitants. The Allied Forces were not so well off, for they were entrenched in a broad open field, exposed to the enemy fire, and worse than that the Commander of the Division had just ordered them to move forward and take the town at sundown.

Sam Rogers was no coward—anyone that knew him could vouch for that—but he dreaded the time when he and his buddies would have to go over the top in face of a rain of high explosives and machine gun bullets, and he told Johnnie Rice that very thing. Johnnie being the calm, easy-going kind of a fellow just grinned and tried to buoy Sam's spirits up, but that was almost useless, so Johnnie gave it up as a bum job and settled down to wait for the appointed time, while Sam nervously fingered the strap of his gun.

Finally the French Seventy-Fives broke loose with a bang and tore up the earth all out in front of the Allied trenches, which was soon answered by a volley from the Germans; then the Frenchmen laid down a steady barrage behind which Johnnie and Sam with two companies of United States Marines and several regiments of French and English troops advanced.

The din of all the guns had by now grown terrific and the soldiers were crawling from shell hole to shell hole, but were steadily advancing on the Germans.

Just in front of Sam and Johnnie a machine gun nest was holding up that part of the advancing troops, but this did not delay them long, for Sergeant Diggs, of the Marines, ordered ten men to advance on the nest, and among that number was old good-natured Johnnie, now grim and serious. Sam had wanted to go with Johnnie, but Diggs had stopped him saying there were enough volunteers already, so Johnnie and the other nine men advanced slowly but steadily on the machine gunners. About twenty yards from the gun Sergeant called a halt and told every man to be ready to rise and charge when he gave the command. Johnnie's muscles grew tense as he heard this order, and he gripped the gun a little bit tighter. Suddenly there was a terrible explosion only a few yards from Johnnie, which stunned him for a moment, and when he looked around, there were four men lying still on their faces, among them Sergeant Diggs. Johnnie took in the situation at a glance and then took charge of the five men left. He repeated Sergeants Diggs' command, and waiting for the right time sprang up with a cry and was followed quickly by the other five marines.

As Johnnie rushed into the darkness ahead, he could hear the men behind him curse as some of them were hit; then he heard two thuds as two bodies sank into the mud and snow never again to rise. Then Johnnie felt a stab of pain in his left shoulder, quickly followed by a sharp pain just above the knee, in the fleshy part of the leg, but he managed to stumble on until he rushed in upon the last Heinie in the nest who was trying desperately to

reload the gun, and Johnnie made quick work of him with his bayonet.

Meanwhile Sam was anxiously awaiting in the shell hole for some report from Johnnie. Sam saw the explosion and a great fear gripped his heart, for by the light of a rocket he could see the still figures around where the shell had hit, for he thought maybe one of those was Johnnie; then his fear turned to anger, and his anger into hate, and regardless of orders he crawled forward until he heard the gun silenced, and he knew by that that some of the marines had gotten them. He got up and ran forward until he came to the dead machine gunners, and by him lay Johnnie. With a cry Sam dropped to his knees and turned Johnnie over.

"Thank God", Sam breathed as he felt Johnnie's heart still beating. Johnnie had dropped out from loss of blood.

The next day the company of marines was relieved, and Sam, as soon as he arrived at his billet, rushed to the Divisional Hospital to find out how Johnnie was. As Sam entered the hospital ward he was greeted by a feeble wave and smile from Johnnie. "Well, old boy," said Johnnie, "they plugged me twice, but I'm comin' back for more."

FIVE SONNETS

I.

The Cloud

By Bernard W. Cocke

The fleecy cloud, pale wanderer of the skies,
And fearless explorer of the trackless height,
Who knows no other guide save Zephyrus' might
To direct him on the lonely way he flies,
Drifts slowly, smoothly, careless of where he lies,
Heedless of light of day or dark of night,
Of pink of rosy dawn or golden light
Of evening sunset; still untired he flies.
I often wish I, too, might be as free,
As happily careless, as unrestrained as he;
As free to wander over all the earth,
To roam in thoughtless ease o'er field and firth
To seek the hidden beauties of this sphere,
Far, far away from cities grey and drear.

II.

Shadows

By Katherine Wheary

Gray shadows creep where others dare not go,
Into the darkest place and realm on land.
Over the sea and on the desert sand,
The weird ghosts, who are to everyone a foe,
Fill the earth with fear and grief and woe.
They move about before your very hand,

And cast their shadows about on every strand
To mark a place for everyone to go.
Like a spirit of death that comes to haunt your dreams,
These shadows lurk in a hidden place somewhere
Waiting to spring at the first chance from their lair,
Before your eyes to haunt you, too, it seems.
These ghostly shadows come but once again,
When you are gone, to haunt your grave in vain.

III.

Uncertainty

By Margaret Fischer

The tender grass bends to and fro in the breeze,
For it cannot decide which is the best:
Its bowing down to Mother Earth to rest,
Or looking straight to skies of blue with ease.
A swallow flying low by fortune sees
In a tree an ideal spot to build its nest,
Away from winds of chilly north and west;
But hearing noises back to Heaven flees.
And so in life we find it just the same
To find the best and be content in mind;
Afraid of nothing and leaving care behind,
To bring us wealth and power with glorious fame;
But we are carried along by the world's great sway,
And we remain unsure from day to day.

IV.

The Flight of Life

By W. H. Baird

Our life is like a bird that flies the skies
'Gainst winds and gales and rains that beat his breast.
On everyone of us life's storms are pressed.
We all are loath to break our earthly ties,
E'en though our life is filled with griefs and sighs.
Oh bird! You do not always fly your best;
You sometimes fail just at the crucial test.
And too, the humans ofttimes miss the prize.
There comes a time when we must rise or fall;
We cannot always fly care-free through life.
If we in truth and right have winged our flight,
We'll win the cherished prize not gained by all.
But some must always bear eternal strife;
For there's no doubt, we're either wrong or right.

Thomas Nelson Page Literary Society

V.

The Master Poet Weaves

By Mildred Steere

Interwoven with the dreams of yesterday
And with his hopes and fears of coming years
Still stands the loom whereon the poet appears
To weave his magic art. With gentle sway
He tints the sombre hues with colors gay,
And softly now subdues the common fears,
And works rich beauty, painting out the jeers,
And weaves a song his sadness to portray.
Intruding on this tapestry of dreams
Still scented with the spices of the East.
All that his eyes can see, all that he rhymes
Wherein glow joyous shades and tints of themes
Where linger threads recalling sadness ceas'd,
He weaves, a broadening masterpiece of times.

BOYS

By Louise Dowdy

I have always had an unbounded esteem for boys. The boy—the genuine human boy—without a thought beyond his next holiday, with his heart overflowing with happiness, and his pockets chock full of marbles. Young girls cannot help betraying something of the vanity so natural to the sex; you can discern a self-consciousness in their every action which you shall look for in vain in the boy. You may dress a real boy up with the greatest care and try to impress on his young mind that he is the pride of his parents and the sweetest and the best being that ever lived, and he will listen to you with becoming reverence and docility; but his pure and honest nature will give the lie to all your flattery as soon as your back is turned, and in ten minutes you will find him kicking out the toes of his new boots or rumpling his clean collar by playing horse or using the top of his new cap for a drinking cup and mixing in with the Smiths and Browns and Jenkinses, on terms of the most unquestioned equality. People say that boys follow one another in herds like sheep, for good or evil; they hate to think and never on any settled principles. This may be true, but still there is a generous instinct in boys which is far more trustworthy than those unreliable ideas which we call settled principles. There is no aristocracy of feeling among boys. Silk and cotton find equal favor in their eyes. What they seek is just as likely to be found under the coarse raiment as under purple and fine linen. If their companion is a "real good feller," even though he be a son of a factory employee, he is esteemed as highly as if his father was a rich merchant or banker.

The nature of the boy is full of generosity. The boys who hide away their ginger bread and eat it by themselves—who lay up their Fourth of July five-cent pieces for deposit in that excellent savings institution on Sycamore Street, instead of spending

them for firecrackers—are exceptions. The real boy carries his apple in one of his pockets until it is comfortably warm and he has found some companion to whom he may offer a bite, and when he sees his friend gratifying his appetite with a round specimen of the same delicious fruit, he asks for a return of his kindness with a beckoning gesture and a free and easy, "I say, you know me, Bill."

What boy in his time has not worshipped somebody? Every lad has a friend of friends, crony of cronies, to whom he writes letters in vacation; whom he cherishes in his heart of hearts; whose sister he proposes to marry in after life; whose purse he shares; for whom he will take a thrashing if need be; who is his hero.

IN FAIRYLAND

By Louise Wolff

In fairyland the goblins dwell,
And at midnight they play in the grassy dell,
They come from under the trees at night
And dance on the green in the pale moonlight,
As if they were under some magic spell.

Around the queen they dance and yell,
And in cozy nooks their adventures tell
Of their narrow escape or some marvelous plight
In fairyland.

But they must now their magic quell,
And at first ray of dawn must run pell-mell,
The elf and the goblin, the fairy and sprite
Together are rushing in riotous flight
O'er ridge and rill, o'er knoll and dell,
In fairyland.

THE HOUSE OF GABLES

By Olivia Westbrook

For the first time in more than twenty years the House of Gables was ablaze with lights from basement to the topmost turrets, and once again the walls of the rambling castle-like structure echoed to music and laughter.

It stood on the Hudson, midway between New York and Albany. It was built at the close of America's second war with England, and was a grand old place; but for years it had been avoided by those living in the neighborhood.

I never had heard the full history of the House, but from bits of gossip I knew it concerned a ghost, that of a former owner, dead for nearly seventy years.

The present owner was Lawrence

Moody. The castle had been handed down to him after the death of his father.

Now to this gloomy place he had brought his wife-to-be, the beautiful Loretta Campbell, a hundred and more of their dearest friends, and a clergyman.

The wedding ceremony was over. The bride was changing her dress. Lawrence was still with us in the great drawing room, giving a final handshake all around. As his pal since boyhood days, I kept at his elbow, urging him to hurry, but to no purpose.

More than once I looked about for the one who had had the honor of being the best man at the ceremony, Don Juan. He was the descendant of a splendid old Spanish family; he had been a persistent suitor for Loretta's hand until she had declared in favor of Lawrence.

The low strains of a lazy waltz were being played by the orchestra concealed behind banked blooms, and there was laughter and jest from every side. I was so anxious that my friend should not be late in joining his bride of an hour that I did not pay much attention to the wedding fesivities.

However, just as I touched his arm for perhaps the twentieth time and suggested haste, all of us were stunned to silence by a wild piercing shriek, a woman's cry of agony which came echoing from the floor above.

For a second or two we huddled, gasping. Then came a series of cries, in many voices—terror-stricken voices.

"The curse! The curse! It's the curse of the House of Gables!" But it was Lawrence's gasp of "Loretta!" which brought action.

When we reached the bride's apartment, what we saw sent me sick with dread, while Lawrence almost fell.

Before a dressing table, still in her wedding gown, lay Loretta unconscious. A great spot of crimson smeared the right side of her dress, and the rug upon which she had fallen was stained with blood.

When Loretta had been placed upon a couch, the physician tore away her filmy garments and began to stop the blood and to examined the wound.

"It's only trifling, not much more than a scratch. The flesh on the right side is punctured."

After the wound had been dressed the physician asked the girl what had happened.

"We came up together, the girls and I," she said. "They ran into their rooms to drop their gloves. I turned on the dressing table light, and not stopping to look around, in my haste I lifted both arms to unfasten my veil.

"Then, suddenly," for an instant she closed her eyes as if to shut out some dreadful sight, "a long, white hand, the fingers of the hand clutching a knife, same out of the darkness from behind the curtain. I cried out and tried to dodge the blow, but was too slow. I felt a stinging pain; then I must have fainted."

We found a Spanish dagger beneath the curtains with a round six-inch blade, and a very small point. Our suspicions were at once turned to the Don, but we found him in the library very drunk.

That night Lawrence told me the history of the House of Gables.

"The story begins far back, almost a century ago," Lawrence began. "At that time many men in the American shipping trade commanded their own ships, and two of the bitterest rivals, both trading from the same place, were Henry Sadler and Joseph Moody. After they had retired from business they came to live in New York, and for some reason or other Henry Sadler bought this place.

"Henry spent most of his time drunk. He would go to New York and lose large sums gambling. Finally he was forced to mortgage this place to

a local banker, but he soon spent everything.

"In the meantime the banker had died, willing the mortgage to Joseph Moody. Moody did not want the house, but his wife finally persuaded him to take it. When Sadler saw them coming he ran to the front steps and shouted, 'Leave these grounds! My curse on any Moody who enters here.'

"The following day Sadler was missing; they found his coat, hat and fishing lines on the river bank."

"So that was how the ghost came to the House of Gables?" I asked.

"If there's a ghost it's Henry's. But there were more tragedies to follow," Lawrence said.

"My grandfather's wife and child were killed, and my sister was suffocated by charcoal fumes," he replied.

Everybody was sent away the following morning; but the physician, the Don, Lawrence, Loretta and I decided to solve this mystery.

The remainder of the week was one of peace. We had searched carefully the whole house, but had discovered nothing.

However, our peace was interrupted at the evening meal on Sunday. We were midway through dinner and the servants were bringing in and removing dishes, when there was a sudden ripping sound over our heads. The next instant a great chandelier fell with a crash on the table and crushed everything to pieces. Luckily we escaped with no injuries other than cuts from flying glass.

Night and day we watched trying to find some clue to help us, but it was to no avail. We could hear that cursed laugh echoed through the halls, and we got glimpse of the long arm and shaking fist.

One night we decided to move Henry's picture and, to our surprise, we found a door. I went downstairs and got an axe, and after hitting the door for sometime I saw it swing inward. We first entered a very small room. Passing into the next room we found the walls covered with weapons and one of the weapons was missing.

"Oh, God!" I cried. There stretched upon his back, his arms widespread, his eyes open, his face white, was the body of Henry Sadler.

When we examined him we found his teeth perfect and firmly set in the gums. The hair was like that of a middle aged man. I nailed the door up until we could come back the next morning.

The next morning we went up to examine the body more closely, but, to our surprise, the body which we had left was gone.

Although we spent a full week searching for it, we learned absolutely nothing. There was no more hideous laughter, no more hands to be heard or seen.

Lawrence and Loretta departed upon their honeymoon determined never to see the place again. Later the House of Gables was torn down and small cottages were built and nothing more was heard of the ghost.

VISIONS OF EVENING

By Mary Ashby Acree

Evening,
Against the sky,
Tall trees and small trees
Take on queer forms.
An apple tree—
Seems to be

An old man with a great bundle
On his back.
A scraggly cedar
Is transformed
To a black figure
That dances on the stage of the sky
Before a back drop of rose, orange and purple.
These are my visions of evening.

MY NAMELESS LAKE

By Jean Gills

You usually hear of lakes that have names to illustrate some point of beauty around the lake, or of the lake itself, but one scarcely ever sees a lake, or any particular piece of landscape, that is without some kind of name, whatever it may be. Sometimes, however, you come across a thing that is so extraordinarily beautiful that any name, however beautiful it may be, would entirely spoil it.

A party went up to the foothills of Virginia, and one day we attempted to climb a hill that seemed a little higher than the surrounding hills. We had walked gaily along until we were nearly half way to the top. The blackberry briars pricked and stung; the tall grasses clung to us as we trudged along. Soon each step lagged a little more than the other.

The afternoon sun on a hot summer afternoon is almost as hot in the mountains as in the town. We were hoping against hope that the sun would go down and leave us a little cooler. Finally, old Sol began to dip behind the tops of the hills, which, by the way, showed us that we were nearer the top of the hill than we had thought.

When we had decided that we could not drag our weary feet another step, we discovered we were almost at the top. We ran the rest of the way in order to see a sunset in the mountains, as there were some who had never seen one.

There, to our perfect amazement, was a small lake nestled down in the heart of four large hills. No roads were there to show that automobiles, wagons, or even footsteps had discovered this lake. In the first place, the incline of the hill was too steep for any vehicle to travel down.

All around were briars and tall weeds, but for the distance of about twenty feet the ground was covered with fresh, live grass. Trees surrounded it, and the water was as clear as crystal.

As the sun set, the lake and trees seemed to be spread over with a golden dust, as a mother protects her child from the bareness of life.

If the whole party were to go back for the purpose of seeing this lake, I doubt seriously if any one of us would be able to find that magnificent spot. Probably some one else will come across it by accident, just as we did, but I hardly think that this lake will ever be one of the well-known lakes of the country, because the beauty would be spoiled by roads, or even footpaths. Its beauty is sacred in its solitude, away from the going and coming of the everyday mob.

In memory of

H. ROSS HALL, Jr.

Born—June 29, 1909.
Died—September 25, 1927.

Ross finished Duncan Brown School in 1922. He then entered Petersburg High School and would have been graduated in June, 1928. He was a member of Tabb Street Presbyterian Church, and also took a prominent part in the Hi-Y Club of the Y. M. C. A. The whole school mourns his death.

A SPRING SONG

By Elizabeth Powell

I sat on the slope of a shady hill
In the springtime bright and gay,
And a rippling stream flowed at my feet
Singing a roundelay.

In soft and murmuring tones it sang
Harmonious all the while;
In ripply, trickly sounds it flowed
Its length of many a mile.

A gurgle now and then there came,
But it was not for long,
For the bubbling, rippling, trickling stream
Sang again its sweet spring song.

WANTED FOR MURDER

By Walter Dodge

The storm was at its height. The cold wind was whistling through the trees, sending limbs and leaves flying in all directions. The rain, now falling in heavy torrents, was as cold as it is possible for water to be without freezing.

Crouching under a tall oak tree, which afforded him no material protection, half-clothed, half-tarved, half-frozen, was Mudpole Mike.

Mudpole was a fugitive from justice. He had been accused of murdering old Judge Peyton, and the sheriff posse was now hot on his trail.

The storm was such that no man could go on. Mudpole had stopped, and farther back the posse had also.

Snap! Crack! Crash! A huge limb fell within a few yards of Mudpole. Mudpole did not jump physically, but he had no control over his heart. That organ pounded furiously.

Excitedly he arose and started again. At every sound Mudpole widened his step. The posse could not be far behind.

The downpour gradually changed into a slight drizzle, then stopped altogether. Night fell. Mudpole was in the depths of the forest. He halted abruptly and crouched close to another tree. He was afraid to build a fire because he knew that at that very instant some of the posse might be within a few hundred feet of him. A few yards away in the now still night a twig snapped. To Mudpole's ears it sounded as if someone had fired a ton of dynamite. He jumped fully six inches. He was never so alert in his life. Closer to the tree he crouched. Another twig snapped. Mudpole looked and his heart nearly stopped beating. He wanted to cry out, but he was unable to utter a sound. His tongue seemed paralyzed.

Mudpole was completely surrounded. Under cover of darkness the sheriff's posse had crept up on him, and they now had him like a rat in a trap. Mudpole did not move. Not a word was uttered. The silence was intense. At each snapping of a twig, Mudpole added two inches to his jump. He was nearly frozen. His hands were numb. He had a gun, but he did not have the energy to shoot. In that short space of seconds Mudpole thought of every misdeed he had com-

mitted. The suspense was terrible. Here he was surrounded by the posse who were slowly closing in. They had not seen him yet, and Mudpole knew the instant they caught sight of him they would fire.

Slowly he sank to his knees. Bang! Mudpole's gun had gone off upon striking the ground. He instantly rose again. Blood was slowly trickling from a wound in his arm.

The posse thought the shot was intended for them. Instantly a dozen shots rang out.

Mudpole sank with twelve fresh wounds.

WHERE GOES THE SMOKE?

By W. H. Baird

Smoke!
Whither are you soaring?
You heaven-aspiring, black monster;
Carefree, slow, shapeless, like clouds before a storm,
You float on the clouds as barks sail on the sea.

Smoke!
To the heavens always?
No! A lower plane you seek when damp you find the earth.
Could you become a floating cloud?
Does anyone know where the smoke-clouds go?

WINDOW SHADES

By Jean Gills

We Window Shades lead such a sad life!

Our family is the very aristocratic family of Shades. There are two branches—the Lamp Shades and the Window Shades.

When our cousin, Bed Lamp Shade, tells us about someone keeping his light on all night, and she became so hot she thought she would certainly catch on fire, we can always tell one that will make her very trimming stand on end!

Why just think of the times when the children keep running us up and down. We don't mind if they do it once or twice, but when they persist in keeping it up for sometimes a half hour at a time, we get so tired we hardly know or care what will happen to us. The bad part of the whole affair is that the parents never seem to think we get tired just as well as human beings.

Then, too, there is some person who gives a big jirk, and off comes the card and part of the hem of our dress! Of course we all know what happens then; the nice clean skirt gets dirty, and that means we never get another clean dress as long as we live.

That is the beginning of the end, and our lives are very short, anyway.

When the housekeeper cleans everything else in the room but us , naturally we get part of the dust, and then some of the beautiful color comes off our dress, and when a great deal is off, with dirty skirts, part of the hem,

and the cord gone, then to the attic we are marched.

Occasionally we get even for a few of the hardships we go through in such a way that it is really comical. Without any warning whatever, we take a wild desire to fly up, and you should just see everybody jump. Why, one would think a pistol had gone off, instead of a poor tired Window Shade wanting, just like human beings, to do something she knows she shouldn't.

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EDITORIALS

Our Thanks

We take this opportunity to voice our appreciation of the splendid support which the student body is giving to the Missile this term. The number of subscriptions sold greatly exceeded the expectations of the staff, and it was found that, after every subscriber had received his magazine, there would not be enough copies left for our advertisers and exchanges. But keep it up, and we will try to overcome this monstrous difficulty in some way.

If any of our exchanges did not receive a copy of the first issue of the Missile, it was only because of this insufficiency in the number printed.

S. G.

Looking Up

We have just completed a period of activity, of study. The memories of the Yuletide holidays are still fresh in our mind. And now when the first of our New Year's resolutions are becoming vague, it is fitting that we should take new stock of ourselves before we enter the second semester.

"Know Thyself," a frequently quoted philosophy is secondary to master thyself. Self-mastership is obtained through self-control. Self-control is secured in turn by self-denial. Habits are the results of our physical cravings, and such habits as smoking, drinking and idleness that cannot be stopped point to the triumph of beast over intellect and will power. Which has the upper hand in your case? Self-denial means character building. Character building means success.

There was once a young man who declared that he could not stop smoking, a foolish statement. He did not stop because he wanted to continue the habit. If a smoker really wants to stop, and has the courage of intellect and will power, he will say, "I will not smoke another cigarette." Who can force him to do it? The act of smoking does not necessarily have to be wrong. The wrong in any habit is formed by your attitude towards it. Take the habit of saving. A miser is more of a man if he forces himself to cease hoarding, to buy anything, to endulge in anything if by it he wins a struggle over self.

In the case of students, if you are a confirmed book worm, miss your lessons for a few days. You will have conquered a tendency toward fanaticism. The lazy student will build his character, broaden his outlook by the victory of will power over his slothful inclinations. The term that precedes us is an open future, a clear sheet. Our past is behind us. Make no resolutions, but if you have a mind, win a victory daily over non-progressive practices. Love a hard lesson, for its completion will add to that most valuable asset, character. The results will show.

J. E. C.

Concerning Cheers

Don't you think that we could get yells and cheers that would be more inspiring and have more significance than those which we are using now? The primary purpose of cheering is to lend encouragement to the team or to show recognition to some player, not just to roll meaningless jingles and jumbles of words together to make them sound well.

Can you imagine anything more inspiring to a tired and half beaten team than to hear the familiar "strawberry short cake, huckleberry pie," booming across the field? Can't you just see them brace up at the mention of strawberries?

Fight for strawberries and dear old P. H. S.!

We don't mean to say that all of our yells are of this type, for there are several good ones in our repertoire, but we do think that the general standard could be raised. Of course, yells are neither supposed to be models of literature nor meant to be the highest expression of the human heart and soul, but there certainly are some that would express our enthusiasm and encouragement better than many of those which we are employing. Probably it would be a good plan to take example from the colleges whose cheers are nearly always simple.

S. G.

LITTLE MISSILES

A Few Incidents From "Student's Day" At Rosenstock's:

J. Lucas: "Can I do anything for you, mam?"

Worried Customer: "Yes! Leave me alone until I can pick out what I want!"

S. Grossmann (to anxious looking man): "Can I help you?"

Man: "I am looking for my wife."

S. Grossmann: "I am very sorry, sir, but we do not sell them."

E. Bredin succeeded in selling George Bernard a crib blanket. George thinks that it is a good idea to start his hope chest early.

Sergeant: "What's the formula for water?"

Ed Williamson: "H I J K L M N O."

Sergeant: "Where did you get all that?"

Ed. Williamson: "You told us yesterday that it was H to O."

Mr. Freas: "In France even the children know how to speak French!"

Why is Elbert Long and Dabney Short?

Is Viola Sharpe?

Can Elizabeth Churn?

Verna Will make Bernice Gay, but Ruth Wood make Marguerite Blue.

Can Lula Cook?

It must be true! Every time the Editor of the "Little Missles" asks anyone for jokes he receives the same reply: **The Joke editor is a joke!** There now. We hope you laugh yourselves to death.

We wonder if a girl ever sees anything in a show window that interests her more than her own reflection.

SUCCESS?

By Bernard W. Cocke

"My son, if a maiden deny thee and scoffingly bid thee give o'er,
Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward, get out! She has been there before.
They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the nose who are lacking in lore."
—Kipling: Maxims of Hafiz.

William Saint George De Spatz
Was conceited and very conceited at that.
When he thought of his looks and his wealth
The strain was too much for his vest.
De Spatz was a boaster
And a liar to boot.
He boasted and boasted
And once he boasted too much.
He offered a bet to a friend
That he would kiss a young lady
In an hour after the introduction.
His friend took him up
And selected the lady, the time and the place.
William prepared, polished his "line",
And set about capturing her affection.
He succeeded too well, too well, indeed,
For he won the wager—
Yet lost the breach of promise suit.

Sergeant Holmes: "Mr. Brockwell, everything I tell you goes in one ear and out of the other."

B. C.: "But, Sergeant, you told us that sound would not pass through a vacuum. Please explain."

4-H Civics Club

It is rumored that there is a movement on foot to form a society of all pupils displeased with education in general. It will be called the Bored of Education.

Butsy Carter: "What is that awful smell in the library?"

A. Brown: "That's the dead silence that they keep in there."

Town Life

By Kitty Lucas

I went away to see the sights;
To see the town and her bright lights.
I went away to see the show
That thrills you from your head to toe,
And fills your heart with all delights.

The family said, "It only blights
For young ones to stay out at nights
And there was much for me to know."
I went away.

And now that I have reached the heights;
Seen all the shows and boxing fights,
I find my "jack" is getting low,
And homeward bound I'd better go;
Forget the boys and girls in tights.
I went away.

Prayer of a youth caught in the gate at a railroad crossing:

"Raise the gates as high as the sky,
And let poor Robert Doyle go by."

Gym Teacher (to girls): "Lots of girls use dumb-bells to get color in their cheeks."

Bright One: "And lots of girls use color on their cheeks to get the dumb-bells."

"Hey, waiter! This steak is burnt black!"

"Yes, sir—a mark of respect. Our head waiter died yesterday."

Many a father thinks he sings his baby to sleep when in reality he sings it unconscious.

Senorita Wilkie (before one of her much dreaded written lessons): "Take out a scrap of pencil and paper."

Miss Meredith (translating Latin): "The Helvetii crossed the river Rhone by fords, not cars."

"Ha! the cents of humor!" cried the contributor when he received his first check for fifty cents from a humorous weekly.

The Dignified Senior

By Elizabeth Adkins

A dignified senior was walking
Without dignity down the hall.
To another (as dignified) talking—
A dignified senior was walking;
In a by-way a teacher was stalking—
Those seniors were doomed to a fall.
A dignified senior was walking
Without dignity down the hall.

Question in 2-L History Test

"Trace the changes in Church of England during the Tudor Period."

Answer: "It was no longer religious to have bones."

The Tapping

By Annie Boisseau

It seems to me I hear a tapping,
Not a drum, just tum-to-tum.
Heads jerk up that once were napping.
It seems to me I hear a tapping,
And 'tis "Pop's" pencil does this rapping,
Halting giggles, song, and gum.
It seems to me I hear a tapping,
Not a drum, just tum-to-tum.

"WITH BALLS AND BATS"

THE YANNIGAN

Gentlemen, a toast to propose
To a fighting man;
Sometimes called a reserve, a scrub,
A yannigan.

And tho' usually classed among
Those "who also ran";
He's really the salt of the team,
This yannigan.

He is battered and scarred,
But his spirit is grand;
He is meat for the varsity,
The yannigan.

He plays not for glory,
Tho' he does all he can;
He gives for his team,
This yannigan.

He is covered with mud,
Still he lends a hand
To help win the game;
That's the yannigan.

'Tis true, he's not a "letter man",
But he gives his "all"
For the sake of the "call";
That's the spirit of the yannigan.

R. C. D.

Resume of Football Season

The football team of 1927 will go down in the history of the school as one of the most sportsmanlike teams that has ever represented it. By sportsmanlike we mean playing the game as it should be played: taking victory and defeat with the same smile and offering no alibis. Playing a clean game and never giving up until the whistle is blown—that's the way this year's team played football.

The record that the team hung up—four victories, four defeats, and two ties—although it does not seem very impressive, represents a good season's work. In several instances where the game was lost, it was lost in the last few minutes of play, and was accounted to the breaks of the game. The team met the strongest elevens

in the State and flashed a defense of the highest order at one time and then dropped to a defense of a much lower type at other times. The offensive ability of the team was hardly paralleled in the whole State. Running all plays from a punt formation, the team could shift into a running, passing or kicking attack, which made the offense very hard to cope with. Another great factor in the success of this year's team was the splendid co-operation and team work. Success, however, would not have been possible without the scrubs. They are the ones who took a beating day by day, in order that the varsity might be perfected. A great deal of praise is due them.

We must not forget the wonderful support of the student body. Without this there would have been no team. The students are the ones who bought the athletic tickets, thereby equipping the team. The students are the ones who came to the games and cheered the team to victory. Credit belongs to the student body for success.

There are five men who lay away their moleskins this year for good. They are: Douglas Myers, Rhonda Barnes, Alex. Bryant, Harmon Ayers and Gordon Winfield. "Doug" and Rhonda played brilliant football in the backfield, while "Winkie", Alex, and Harmon played the same kind of game in the line. We are sorry to see them go and hope they gain lots of glory, wherever they go.

The complete record of the 1927 football team of the Petersburg High School is as follows:

P. H. S., 12; Hampden-Sidney Fresh, 12.
P. H. S., 0; Newport News, 13.
P. H. S., 34; Emporia, 12.
P. H. S., 27; Hopewell, 0.
P. H. S., 7; John Marshall, 19.
P. H. S., 12; McGuire's, 13.
P. H. S., 0; Woodrow Wilson, 0.
P. H. S., 29; Suffolk, 0.
P. H. S., 46; Fredericksburg, 0.
P. H. S., 0; Maury, 25.

The '27 team having hung up a fine record, were handsomely rewarded for their labors by those who wished to show their appreciation. The first honor bestowed upon the team was the banquet given by Mrs. George Cameron at her home on Sycamore Street. It was a delightful affair and all letter men were there. It was here that gold footballs were bestowed upon them, and the team would like to express their gratification to Messrs. George Harrison, Frank Hobbs, Phil Roper, H. G. Tucker, Fred Pilcher, W. L. Zimmer, Jr., Chas. Heinemann, J. R. Amos, West Holden, G. C. Wright, Ben Kinsey, G. A. Eichelberger, W. F. Miller, G. C. Wright, J. Hobson, F. R. Webster, L. A. Rosenstock and Mrs. George Cameron. The gift of the footballs was due to their generosity.

Following this banquet the Hi-Y gave the team a banquet, and they were honored by having Coach Charles Bernier, of Hampden-Sidney, speak to them. A number of the business men who supported the team were also present.

Last, but not least, Jordan and Howerton, presented to the school a beautiful trophy, the image of a football player, with every little detail correct. The team of 1927 will have its name inscribed upon it, having won 50 per cent of its games. From henceforth any team that wins 50 per cent of its games will have its year inscribed on the trophy.

Thirteen monograms were awarded to the 1927 football team by the Athletic Council. There were twelve players who received letters, and one manager. Those who received letters are: Ex-Captain Berkeley Carter, letter and two stars; John Burks, letter and two stars; Douglas Myers, Rhonda Barnes, Alex. Bryant, Tom

Webster (captain-elect), and Harmon Ayers, letter and one star; Gordon Winfield, George Smith, John Lucas, John Ayers and Robert Berkeley, letter; John Rucker (manager), letter.

Tom Webster will lead the pigskin warriors of P. H. S. in 1928. He was elected captain by the letter men at Mrs. Cameron's banquet. Next year will be Tom's third year for the Crimson Wave, and with his experience P. H. S. will have a good leader. Tom plays a guard position and he is one of the mainstays of the line. Kept out of the earlier games by an accident, he came back strong for Woodrow Wilson, and was a shining light in that wonderful game. He has promised to put out a winning team next year, and we wish him nothing but the best of luck.

The Girls' Basketball Team has started the season in good form, although they lost a number of letter girls from last year. Up to date they have played six games, winning four and losing two. This year's team is very light, but what they lack in weight they make up in speed. Under the coaching of Miss Wells they have developed into one of the best teams that have ever represented the High School. Those composing the team are: Nellie Major (captain), Mary Harrison, Marguerite Harwell, Mary Rennie (manager), Margaret Rudy, Mary Farinholt, Cornelia Friend, Trixie Mitchell, Ercelle Reade, Flora Willcox and Easter Souders.

The record of the team, up to date, is as follows:

Petersburg, 37; Chester, 14.
Petersburg, 24; Kenbridge, 34.
Petersburg, 30; Manchester, 12.
Petersburg, 24; Chester, 12.
Petersburg, 38; Kenbridge, 24.
Petersburg, 23; Blackstone College, 25.

When the call for basketball candidates was sounded, about twenty-five boys answered it. After several days of careful watching, Coach Day cut this number to about fifteen, and started work in earnest. There are back from last season only four letter men—Captain Andrews, Ayers, Barnes and Swearingen. It is around these four men and some good new material that Coach Day intends to form a quint for the High School. The boys practice every day after school, either in the gymnasium, at the armory, or at the Y. M. C. A. This accustoms the team to playing on different courts. The boys are gradually rounding into shape, perfecting their passing and shooting and it seems that they will be in good condition for the first game. High School, having joined the Virginia Athletic Literary League, will play two games with Maury, Newport News and Woodrow Wilson, league teams. These are the games that have a bearing on the State championship. Games have also been scheduled with John Marshall, McGuire's, University of Richmond Fresh, Hopewell, McKenney and others. The basketball squad is as follows:

Captain Andrews, Ayers, Barnes, Swearingen, Winfield, Brown, Smith, Aldridge, Goodwin, Wells, Beckwith, Allen, Ayers and Doyle.

Monday, December 12th, all the boys met in the auditorium with Coach Day and formed a Class League of Basketball. Each of the three different classes is to be represented as is also a Freshman team from the Junior High School. The captains elected for the different teams are: Myers, Seniors; Tipton, Juniors; Magee, Sophomores; Belcher, Freshmen. The teams are to consist of ten men and one adviser, the schedule to start January 6th. The games will consist of four eight-minute quarters, with five minutes between halves and be played on Friday after-

noons at 3 o'clock. The Seniors will play the Juniors for the first game, and the Sophomores will play the Freshmen. The schedule is so arranged that each team will play the other teams twice.

If this plan works out in basketball, Coach Day says that there is a possibility of Class Leagues in baseball and football also.

SCRAPS

The Petersburg High School athletics are gradually gaining recognition among the business men of the city as well as arousing more spirit among the students. Several years ago, you remember, Mr. Stanton Pilcher gave a silver football on which the name of the most valuable player of each year's team is to be engraved. And now we have another trophy. Jordon & Howerton, jewelers, have given the school a silver football figure. Each football team that wins fifty per cent of its games will have its record engraved on the base. This is, indeed, a handsome gift, and it will add new vigor to the fighting spirit of the team. On behalf of the Student Body we wish to thank these public-spirited citizens.

You will remember that in the last issue of the "Scraps," the honors won by several of the High School graduates were made mention of. And here is another who has won honors for himself. The following clipping appeared in the paper: "Unusual honors have come to Delaney M. Gregory, whose home was formerly here and who received his early education at the Petersburg High School. While there he became interested in wireless and after his graduation pursued his hobby further until now he is a first-class licensed wireless operator.

"Mr. Gregory has always been adept in languages. Wishing to prepare himself for living in South America, he has entered the Berlitz International School of Languages in Washington. There he is taking up French and Spanish. All the instructions are given by native instructors and no English is spoken in the class room. He won the prize in the French class and received a citation for learning the most Spanish in six months. After he finishes his courses in the Latin languages, Mr. Gregory will sail to the South American continent and to success. He carries with him the best wishes of his former friends here and Petersburg rightfully is proud of another son who has made his mark."

There seems to be a fad for organizing clubs now. One of the latest is the "Odd Girls' Club", but better known as the "O. G. Club". This society is a rival of the Square Circle, which was organized several years ago, having practically the same purpose and aims. The Square Circle girls welcome this rival organization, for rivalry tends to arouse interest and increase enthusiasm.

Many of the Hi-Y Boys went to Baltimore during the first week-end in December to attend the Older Boys' Conference, which was held there this year. Petersburg High School had quite a number of boys to represent its Hi-Y. And we can't blame a crowd for going when they had a chance to miss a day from school and enjoy a boat trip up. Coach Day accompanied

4-L Civics Club

the boys. Several good jokes were played on them, which afforded a great deal of amusement when told around the school.

The prospective graduates gave the photographers of Petersburg a great rush before Christmas. I dare say that the photographers had a pretty hard time keeping their cameras in working order to supply the pictures for the final issue of the Missile. Most of the graduates wanted their pictures in time for Christmas, but student-like put off the sittings until the last minute.

The subject for the annual debate of the Virginia Literary and Athletic League has been announced. The subject for this year's debate is: "That Congress should pass the Curtiss-Reed Bill, authorizing the establishment of a United States Department of Education with a Secretary in the President's Cabinet." The members of both the Page and Daniel Literary Societies are hard at work, and we can promise an interesting and hard fought contest. Last year the Page Society won the debate and the Daniel is doing all in its power to wrest the honor from them this year.

The Teachers' Club of Petersburg has been bringing to the public several beneficial and interesting programs. The first was a recital of "Hamlet", by Dr. Frederick Warde, a well-known Shakespearean actor and a lecturer of long experience. He brought out many interesting points which are usually overlooked by the casual reader. The second program presented by the Teacher's Club was an address by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer. Although his name is quite a handicap to be inflicted on anyone, yet the personality of the man causes one quite to overlook this. He gave an account of many interesting experiences during his five years of life among the Eskimos. This was indeed such a treat for the people of Petersburg as is seldom afforded to a city of this size.

The February Class Play has been selected and the cast is hard at work to make it a big success. The class is greatly indebted to Senorita Wilkie, who has kindly consented to coach the play.

Everyone was quite disgusted with the way that the Christmas holidays fell. "Just one week." "Why did Christmas have to come on Sunday?" These were the complaints which were heard on every side. But the School Board opened up its heart and gave us two extra days, which makes one of the longest Christmas holidays we've ever had. School Board, we thank you.

The Petersburg High School has again joined the State Literary and Athletic League. There is no longer a department of girls' sports, so only the boys' teams are eligible. We were at one time a member of this organization, but withdrew a few years ago.

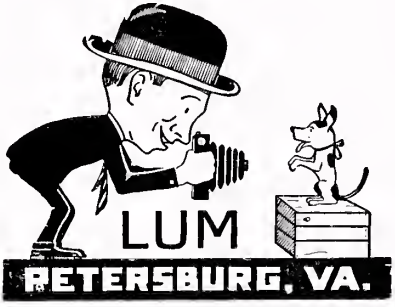
One of the interesting events in a Senior's life is the selection of his class ring. The June class has had a handsome supply of rings from which to make their selection. After a great deal of argument and discussion, a ring of very beautiful design was chosen.

This year the city decided to have a community Christmas tree on December the twenty-third in the place of having Christmas trees lining the business section of Sycamore Street, as was done last year. The High School girls and boys were asked to make up the chorus for the exercises, which were held in Central Park. Both the

girls and boys of the school responded well to the call.

For the last few years it has been the custom of the Student Council to give a play on the last day before the Christmas holidays. Last year they presented a Shakespearean comedy. This year they gave Dickens's "Christmas Carol." This assembly was enjoyed by all, and it added lots to the Christmas spirit.

On Saturday, December the tenth, the Student Council took over the management of Rosenstock's store, as they did last year. The members of the Student Council were the managers of the different floors and they had many of the students working under them. Many interesting incidents occurred during the day. One man, on wandering down into the Economy Basement, said to one of the students, "I am looking for my wife." The boy promptly answered that wives were not on sale that day. As the "grand finale," the students assembled at six o'clock on the top floor and started down in a snake dance through the whole store. At the end they assembled on the first floor and gave fifteen cheers for Rosenstock's and Eichelberger. Everyone had a grand and glorious time, besides raising fifty dollars for the school.



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"Shopping at home seems only sensible to me," she concluded.

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